

*Io! Triumphe!*

A

P O E M

U P O N

Admiral *V E R N O N*.

By an Undergraduate of *Jesus-College, Oxon.*

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*I, Decus, I, Nostrum.*

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L O N D O N:

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P O E M.



RMS and the *Man* I sing, the first who rose,  
And rising, fought, by honourable War,  
An honourable Peace: The first who wak'd  
Lethargic Thunders, and dislodg'd the Bombs  
That slept inglorious in their rusty Womb,  
Patient as yet, and innocent of Sound,  
Till the fierce Impulse of one gen'rous Soul  
Gave them to roar, and call'd 'em forth to Day.

Say Heav'n-born Liberty, (inspir'd by Whom  
Th' exalted Patriot swims along to Fame,  
Thro' the strong Tide of Arbitrary Foes)  
Say from what Cause *Iberia's* haughty Sons  
Still load with Insults, still provoke to Arms?

Have they forgot how *Drake's* vindictive Force  
Commission'd Storms, and black auxiliar Troops

B

Of

Of warring Billows to the Depth of Depths,  
 Hurl'd their Armado, proud of useless Bulk,  
 And unavailing Instruments of Death;  
 Part scatter'd o'er the boundless Waste, and Part  
 Plung'd headlong downward in th' unfathom'd  
 Have they forgot (our Annals still record)  
 How Howard's floating Armory, deep cramm'd  
 With dire Combustibles, sulphureous Globes,  
 Wild-fire, and blazing Terrors, various Deaths  
 Outragious bellow'd o'er th' affrighted Deep  
 While Neptune rear'd His wat'ry Eye, and sav'd  
 Stern Vulcan a stride in Majesty of Flame,  
 His Realm in Danger, and His Floods on Fire  
 Lost in superior Deluges. 'Twas He,  
 Who dissipating leaden Deaths around,  
 Dispers'd their Ranks, and minister'd Supplies  
 Constant Supplies to Sharks of human Food,  
 And Fragments pickled in Sepulchral Brine.  
 Hail Liberty! hail Object of Delight!  
 Thro' Storms, and Blood-impurpled Paths w  
 Thy visionary Steps: *Hesperian* Fruit!  
 Which he imm'd in Circles of continu'd Toils

'Tis Labour to enjoy; but while enjoy'd  
 The Blessing surfeits, then the fated Taste  
 Seems to desire some palatable Ill;  
 For e'en the strange Vicissitudes of Chance  
 Have some peculiar Relish: Else whence springs  
 This longing after Factions; whence this Dread  
 Of being over-blest? But Freedom then  
 Set opposite to Bondage most invites,  
 Seems amiable, and op'ning all her Charms  
 Displays her hidden Worth, when late surpriz'd  
 We find the mighty Odds, surpriz'd we find  
 That *Eden* is no Paradise till lost.

Hail Liberty! all hail attractive Queen!  
 Dearer than Life; and tho' the Price of Blood  
 Not dear the Purchase: Thee the *Roman* lov'd,  
 Thee *Britain*, Thee, impatient of the Cage,  
 And terrible in Chains! Sweet as the Port  
 To Mariners that 'scape the Ocean's Maw!  
 Sweet as kind Glances to the love-sick Swain!  
 Sweet as the View of Heav'n to dying Saints!  
 As Peace, as Honour, and as Virtue sweet!

Inspir'd by Thee, the Hero wakes the War  
 Intrepid, conscious of the wonted Ills  
 That spring from Inactivity and Sloth,  
 The Bane of Empires! VERNON in thy Cause  
 Springs terrible to Arms, nor ought regards  
 Th' *Iberian* Taunt, or Friendship's weaker Ties,  
 Or Gold resplendent in the Hand of Vice.  
 No private Motive, His *Britannia* calls,  
 And VERNON knows the Voice, rejoic'd to find  
 Himself recover'd from Oblivion's Shade,  
 And Scandal of Obscurity: Well pleas'd  
 Th' heroic Hermit sees the Dawn of War,  
 And the faint Gleams of Honour, faint at first,  
 More visible, more strong at length; well pleas'd  
 He sees the Paths that tend to Fame beset  
 With hideous Monsters, and sublime in Thought  
 Thanks his propitious Soul that He enjoys  
 The Privilege of facing Death; of Wiles  
 Nor skill'd, nor studious; gen'rous, unreserv'd,  
 Great without Pomp, whom no Ambition fires,  
 But that of dying for the public Weal.  
 'Tis not a Soul susceptible of Rage

That

That burns impatient of a slight Offence;  
 'Tis not the Hand that thins the peopled Earth  
 So fast, that Heav'n is stinted in its Time  
 To form a new Supply of Human-kind;  
 'Tis not the Rebel that starts up to Arms,  
 And, mounting on Ambition's Wing, pursues  
 His dark Designs, till with the Nation's Blood  
 He stains the Field that blushes at his Crimes,  
 Can make Pretence to Honour; but the Man,  
 Th' exalted Man, whose Country sends him forth  
 Big with th' important Embassy; who spurs  
 Another *Curtius* thro' the Trench of Death.

What Time the Moon profuse of borrow'd Rays,  
 Amidst th' effulgent Company of Stars,  
 Superior shone, and measur'd half her Course,  
 When the kind Vision brings, or seems to bring,  
 Th' immaterial Phantom to the Thought:  
 On the *Suffolcian* Beech, methought I stood,  
 Where Freestone Tow'r o'erlooks the adjacent Strand,  
 When lo! all Horror to behold! a Form,  
 A venerable Form, but thin and pale,  
 Stood opposite, and thrice essay'd to seize

C

My

My Hand that quiver'd at his cold Approach.  
 Thrice I shrunk back, and quak'd at ev'ry Joint,  
 My Hairs erected, close my Tongue embrac'd  
 Its Roof, nor knew the Faculty of Speech;  
 ----- Sudden he screws a rude uncomely Grin,  
 And more than Mortal stares, deep sunk his Cheeks,  
 Dire with *Gorgonian* Front, and flashing Eyes.  
 His Mouth distorted, the wide Chasm disclos'd  
 A ghastly Row, irregular and foul.  
 Nor tremble, Youth, he spoke, before thy Face  
 No vulgar Sprite is present; am not I  
*Britannia's* Genius, need I not assume  
 These Looks of Terror, not, as wont, serene?  
 Have I not seen, (ye Gods! among Mankind  
 It were a Curse, but trivial not to see)  
 Have I not seen new Scenes of Guilt arise,  
 Seen Villany in various Forms disguis'd,  
 Dire Treaties, and the long Suspense of War?  
 Ah *Britain! Britain!* what art thou become,  
 Degenerate Isle! your Ancestors could ill  
 Have brook'd these long accumulative Wrongs,  
 But giving Rein to Justice, had unsheath'd

Th'

Th' impatient Poniard, till in vain oppos'd  
 Revenge grew fat in Luxury of Blood.

Rise then, be quick, impetuous Launch, repel  
 Th' advent'rous *Spaniard* that usurps your Right,  
 Huge Arrogance! by Force, illegal Force!  
 Invading Ocean, that as Guardian close  
 Begirts the Round with tutelary Twine;  
 Her darling Isle! And in so fair an Hive  
 Dwell there but Drones? Ah innocent of Sting!  
 Wretches supine, and deaf to Honour's Call!  
 To Arms! to Arms! ye Sons of Sloth! to Arms!  
 Or I----- But me it first behoves to bring  
 Some welcome Tidings to thy listning Ear,  
 To ope the Tomb of Fate, and read in part  
 Mysterious Matters from the mystic Page.  
 Tho' the Sun dreams on *Thetis's* Lap to Night,  
 Yet he shall rise, To-morrow he shall rise  
 Diffusing all His Majesty abroad,  
 Luxuriant Radiance, and redoubled Pow'r!  
 Tho' the gay Queen, whom Earth and Seas confess,  
 Soft rising from Her azure Womb, has hush'd  
 The passive Winds, becalm'd the Kindred Seas,

Yet Time will be, (or I in vain was taught  
 To search the Secrets of designing Fate  
 That lay in Embryo in the Womb of Time,  
 All hush'd and immatur'd) yet Time will be  
 When Fame and Honour shall not call in vain,  
 When the insatiate Sword shall glut on Gore  
 And Carnage, till it surfeits thro' Excess.  
 Nor shall the sedentary Lyon roar  
 Till tott'ring *Britain*, and the feeble Cry  
 Of dying Virtue, thaw his Icy Soul,  
 And rouse his pristine Vigour into Act.

Till then shall *India's* slaughter'd Sons emit  
 An universal Groan, and Manes howl  
 Revenge! Revenge! along the Midnight Shores  
 Incapable of Rest: Who never breath'd  
 Elizian Gales as yet, but wander'd o'er  
 The clotted Sand, a lamentable Train!  
 For never since the Birth of long-liv'd Time  
 Bewail'd unletter'd Innocence before  
 Such barb'rous Usage from despotic Foes,  
 Religiously severe. Such cover'd Wrongs,

Such

Such conscientious Fraud, ah! make ye Gods!  
 The Theme of Nations, and the Jest of Fame,  
 Till e'en th' Antipodes, confus'd, shall hear  
 That others, by Example, may be warn'd  
 From Acts of Inhumanity, and these  
 Derided into deep Remorse and Shame.

Thus the prophetic Sprite; --- and more had spoke,  
 But Chaunticleer's third Voice that promis'd Dawn  
 Awak'd me musing on th' instructive Trance.

Mean while the Child of Wisdom much inspires  
 His Host: Unshock'd, but with a brave Concern,  
 He casts his pitying Eyes around, and sees  
 The Dying and the Dead; some tott'ring stand  
 Just on the Verge of Fate, content in Death,  
 As dying in their Country's ardent Cause;  
 Yet wishing still, still fighting to survive,  
 As conscious of the Good which might have sprung  
 Redundant from their exemplary Acts.

Thus glows *Bellona*, till the adverse Host  
 Spread their pacific Banners, and submit,  
 With fault'ring Accents witnessing Despair,  
 Sue milder Terms. Let there be Peace, they cry'd,

D

So

So may --- Here VERNON interrupts their Pray'r,  
 And with Indulgence mild, and Looks benign,  
 Prevents their further Vow: No milder 'Terms  
 Himself had hop'd nor coveted, if hap  
 The Turn of War had doom'd his vig'rous Arm,  
 Reserv'd for other, and more glorious Use,  
 To ignominious Manacles. The Foes  
 Forget that they are Slaves; who made them Slaves  
 Forgets that he is Victor; Victor twice,  
 Who not contented with the narrow Praise  
 Of one great Conquest, must subdue himself,  
 So add a greater Triumph to the Great,  
 And be renown'd in subalternate Palms.

Him distant, and intent on Feats of War,  
 Emulous of paternal Worth, his Son  
 Admires, and catches the contagious Blare  
 That glows within, and kindles in his Breast  
 An Eagerness to Arms: Nor seems the Branch  
*Vernonides*, unworthy of its Root,  
 But in the second VERNON breathes the first.  
 Already see the filial Virtue dawn,

And

And urg'd with unproportion'd Fires, pursues  
 The Father's Tracts with short unequal Steps:  
 Ev'n now, perhaps, expatiates in the Dome,  
 Preludes in Arms, and tilts the mimic Spear,  
 Impatient of Restraint: Already hopes  
 Beyond his Age Occasions to appear  
 Zealous alike of *Britain's* sinking Frame,  
 And frowns at Time that he is less than Man.

But thou, whatever Title please thee best,  
 Delight of Nations, Quintessence of Manhood,  
 Thy Foes Surprise and Terror! each of thee  
 Deserv'd, (for perish the prepost'rous Muse,  
 When she shall daub the Great with venal Rhime)  
 When the desponding Pyrate shall no more  
 Infect the wholesome Deeps: When Discord cease  
 Outswelling her exhausted Veins, no more  
 Fruitful of blust'ring Jargon: When dire Hate  
 And Envy, sure Attendant upon States;  
 When Hydra Faction with her Hundred Heads  
 Be wheedled into Peace, then VERNON, then  
 Return victorious, crown'd with just Applause.  
 For Thee shall *Thames*, far-distant Climes for Thee

Prepare their richest Gifts, Quintessence pure,  
 Olives and Frankincense. Return to grace  
 Th' expecting Senate, then shall ev'ry Eye  
 Direct its Rays to Thee, and ev'ry Tongue  
 Shall signalize the Warrior, till they grow  
 Penurious in Thy Praise. Thy Statue then  
 With strong Inclosure fenc'd, (or aptly form'd  
 Of burnish'd Steel, or Palisades of Gold,)  
 Shall silently proclaim thy Worth, and raise  
 A sweet Idea in the Trav'ler's Breast.  
 Or horribly pronounc'd by artful Nurse,  
 Thy Name shall hush the noisy Babe to Rest,  
 And he shall dream of Thee. Return to taste  
 Connubial Sweets, soft Raptures; Thee too long  
 Absented from her Arms, thy dearer Half  
 Awaits too pensive, nor, as wont, partakes  
 Gay Pleasures, nor affords one tender Smile,  
 Save when Seraphic Vision to her Thought  
 Presents Thee cloath'd in Majesty of Charms,  
 All over Love: Indissolutely firm  
 Her eager Arms are buckled round the Neck  
 Of her unbodied Lord ---- Ah! Joy of Joys! ----

Yes!

Yes! He is mine, she cries, for ever mine!  
 Yes! I will grasp with these encircling Arms  
 Till I annihilate my Lord with Fondness!  
 Nor shall the Fervency of Tears or Vows  
 Strain the dear Hero from this strict Embrace.

Thus she. And thus th' uxorious Shade rejoins.  
 When the War rag'd in all its purple Pride,  
 And the big Thunders on the Wings of Fire  
 Came roaring all Abroad; ev'n then my Love,  
 Loveliest of what is lovely, stood before me  
 All amiable, all soft. If I were plac'd  
 Amid some gay Seraglio, where appear  
 Ten Thousand Charmers darting from their Eyes  
 A strong Variety of streaming Rays,  
 I'd view the panting Candidates of Love  
 With settled Eye, and only think of Thee,  
 Thou charming Fair! and only think of Thee.  
 Fly then, my Love, enraptur'd let me steal  
 Delicious Marmalade from either Lip;  
 And on Thy Bosom pant my Life away.  
 So shall this Wreath, due Largest to my Toils,

This Naval Wreath, the Donative of Kings,  
Be ever Thine, and flourish round Thy Brow.

Delusive Trance! fond Hopes! awak'd she finds  
Th' imaginary Lover fly her Grasp,  
And dwindle to a thin unactive Shade!

Do I not see her now asswaging Grief  
With sweet Amusement? Lo! the well-spread Loom!  
Here Clouds of Smoak involve the mimic Skies,  
There the wing'd Balls, swift Messengers of Fate,  
Impetuous seem to hiss. The aguish Walls  
Of *Chagre* to their Basis shake. Blood, Death,  
Confusion, Flight, and Horror! there express'd  
Stands *Porto Bello* tott'ring, stunn'd! confus'd!  
Down tumbles the convulsive Fabric, down  
The Bastion not impregnable, o'erwhelm'd  
With fiery Inundations, with a Shock  
Resound terrific, while the penal Flames  
Hang on, and flashing thro' the surging Smoak  
Illume the Darknes, that were *Chaos* now,  
Ev'n *Chaos* wou'd admit the piercing glare,  
And all in horrible Confusion glare.

Woe!

Woe! Woe! to you Inhabitants! but that  
 Spontaneous ye surrender'd, nor perhaps  
 Had *Carthagene* \* escap'd an equal Doom,  
 If those few valiant had receiv'd Supplies  
 Of Naval Forces: Happy, had they been  
 Less glorious, or less indigent of Aid!

----- Thus she,  
 With Hand well-guided o'er the graphic Web,  
 Traverses: VERNON next demands her Skill:  
 As thrice she musing on th' imperfect Sketch  
 Gives the faint Promise of the future Draught,  
 Thrice dropt th' unfaithful Needle: But at length  
 She plies the Task, and VERNON starts to Life.  
 Him, in the Anguish of her Soul, she eyes  
 With gentle Glance, as round the Fleet He spreads  
 His just Commands, and only not affects  
 Ubiquity; beside the Warrior stood  
 Mercy and Love, next innocent of Guile  
 Simplicity unpolished; on yon Plan  
 Sat Victory, her blooming Temples crown'd

E 2

With

\* This Poem was printed before the Account came of the Admiral's Attack upon *Cartagena*.

With Laurels ever green: There scatter'd thin  
His Navy Triumph o'er th' uncrowded Main.

Thus the disconsolate unhappy Bride  
Contracts the Length of Day, and from Employ  
Seeks Intervals of Ease. But soon, too soon,  
The Wish, the Tear, the far-fetch'd Sigh return;  
Oh may that Wish, that Tear, that far-fetch'd Sigh  
Be fruitless but a while! May all be paid  
To thy lov'd *Britain* soon, and Thou, great Man,  
With *Ogle* seek, O, seek thy native Shores,  
Thy brave Associate. Thee, Example bright,  
Already all the *British* Youth admire,  
Pant eager after Fame, and prone to reach  
Perfection's Height, pursue Thee in thy Flight  
Along the climacteric Cliff of Fame,  
And tug, and heave, and stretch, and pant, and sweat;  
Impatient to surmount the Work, the Toil,  
To Thee nor Work, nor Toil. For thou behold  
E'er now art settled on th' Ærial Steep  
Thron'd in superior Dignity, to view  
The Labours of th' aspiring Youth who flag  
At Distance far, and wonder at Thy Height.

So

So from the Field th' ambitious Lark begins  
 Her early Flight, and by degrees ascends,  
 While curious Rustics with observant Eye  
 And gaping Phiz attend her thro' the Air,  
 Till tow'ring on Ambition's Wing she baulks  
 Her acting Sight, and hides among the Clouds.  
 Heroes, at your Return may prosp'rous Gales  
 Lend their indulgent Wings; may Ocean's Sire  
 Propitious heave thee on his convex'd Back,  
 And roll thee into Safety: Vocal Bells  
 Forthwith shall wear out their consumptive Lungs,  
 That wide-extended Shores th' auspicious News  
 May hear of your Arrival, while the Winds  
 Up-lift the harmonious Murmur, and convey  
 Swift on their flutt'ring Wings to distant Climes  
 The propagated Sound, till they fatigue  
 Responsive Eccho, whether they extend  
 To FREDERICK's wide Domains, a loyal Soil!  
 Or Fame shall waft You on her speedy Wing  
 To where the *Danube's* Stream, augmented erst  
 With sanguine Inundations flow along  
 A grand Memorial of puissant Deeds

F

That

That sprung from *Churchil's* Conduct: *Gallia's* self,  
 Not yet recover'd from her Swoon, shall hear  
 The grating News, and tremble to offend.

*Peace* at Your wish'd Return her Olive Wand  
 Smiling shall lift; with sweetly-mellow'd Crops  
*Plenty* for Thee shall strew the checker'd Earth,  
 Rearing her hospitable Horn aloft  
 Replete with Oil. Long abdicated Dame  
*Commerce*, the Child of Peace, shall raise her Eyes,  
 Her modest Eyes, above th' involving Waves,  
 And pay a grateful Sacrifice of Thanks  
 To her Preservers. Then the Peasant Throng  
 Shall gambol o'er the Meadows, not unskill'd  
 Of rustic Jigg, or uncooth Compliment,  
 Or innocent Salute. Mirth, social Mirth,  
 With undissembled Jollity, Content,  
 And Friendship not imbitter'd with Debate  
 Or Slander-loving Envy, hateful Pest,  
 An amicable Jubilee shall form,  
 And gen'ral Gaudies cheer th' unconquer'd Isle.

So when th' impartial Ministers of Heav'n,  
 Intent but late on Slaughter, now sublime

From

From foul *Gomorrha's* Ashes, (which had long  
 Challeng'd the Arm of Justice to discharge  
 Th' avenging Bolt, which long impending o'er  
 Dally'd, as loath to drop) to Heav'n return'd  
 Pure, unpolluted, guiltless, crown'd with due  
 Applause; aloof their blazing Swords they hung  
 As monumental Trophies; Joy, Love, Peace  
 On ev'ry heav'nly Aspect sat enthron'd.



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